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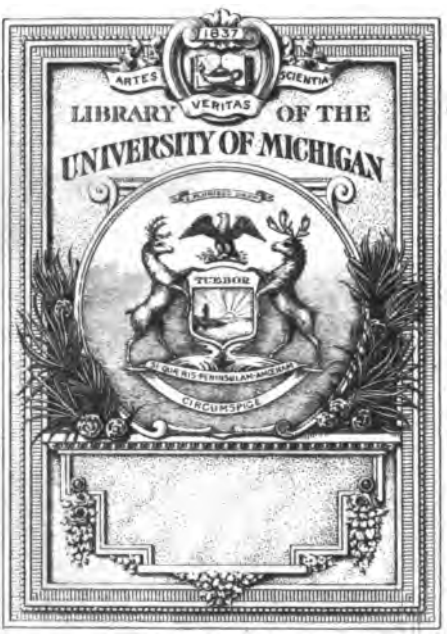
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EDUCATION,

IN

FOUR BOOKS:

BY

JAMES ELPHINSTON.

LONDON,
Sold by P. VAILLANT, in the Strand; W. OWEN, in Fleetſtreet; and J. RICHARDSON, in Paternoſter-row.
MDCCLXIII.

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EDUCATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

WHEN EDUCATION long with weary feet,
Had round *Auguſta* ſought a pleaſing ſeat;
North, South and Eaſt, where'er her footſteps err'd,
Sweet ſites ſhe ſaw; but ſtill the Weſt preferr'd.
To various lords of various lands ſhe came:
Some juſt had heard, and others ſeen her name,
As they beheld the ſage celeſtial Fair,
Love in her eye, and honor in her air,
Approach with modeſt, yet majeſtic mien,
Each lord addreſt ſoon readdreſt the Queen.

'Madam,' ſaid one, 'I oft have paſt your door:
'Tis true I never ſaw your face before.
I own it fair; but ſemblance is not all:
'Tis ſolid worth that's valu'd at *Guildhall.*
That you are good on '*Change*, there's little talk;
Though ſometimes boaſted on the *ſcottiſh walk.*
Ev'n there your oddities make ſome afraid:
Your rule is reaſon, and your will obey'd.
When you pretend true Int'reſt to compute,
On *int'reſt upon int'reſt* you are mute.
When liberty and polity you preach,
Do you that truly-britiſh freedom teach,
By which inferiors may inſult their betters,
And fat Sir *Wealthy* laugh at men of letters?
By which, unaw'd by ſtate, unti'd to ſtation,
Each porter damns the King, and rules the nation.

But

But you muſt know we are no more ſuch fools,
To fancy knowlege is acquir'd in ſchools.
With all your learning, Madam, learn our plan—
The only way to make a boy a man.
That time is precious, you'll yourſelf atteſt:
The ſhorteſt method then muſt be the beſt.
Be yours all theory; we envy not:
By practice only is perfection got.
To dub my ſon a doctor, if I pleaſe,
The 'pothecary's peſtle pounds degrees:
The wig gives wiſdom, and the chariot fees.
Or if he muſt attain the lawyer's ſkill,
Swift let him ſeize the cunning ſcriv'ner's quill.
But ſhould he chooſe (for boys muſt have their way)
The gallant ſoldier's eaſy part to play,

Let him ſhut ev'ry book, nor open *Hoyle*,
Whoſe labors prove the riper heroes toil.
None is too young to grace the ſmart cockade,
Bow in the box, or ſtrut on the parade:
No age denies the garniſht ſword to wear,
And infant-organs eaſieſt learn to ſwear.
Like qualities befit not each command:
But this ſuits equally the ſea and land.
Who would in muſty mines of learning dig,
That can go midſhipman, or guinea-pig?
To read and write and cypher, all muſt know,
Whate'er they purpoſe, or where'er they go;
The three great arts by which may ſoon become
A ſon of Commerce parent of a plum:
To dance and fence and draw complete the plan,
While talking french ſublimes the gentleman.

To

To read or write it were an idle view:
Be this, with greek and latin, left to you.
The lawyer's latin is not taught at ſchool,
Nor doctor's hi'roglyphics learnt by rule.
Eaſy their language: none ſure need decline it;
And yet the ignorant can ne'er divine it.
Scholars and wits the drones of any nation,
Be all conſign'd to madam *Education*.

By ſuch wiſe means the child to manhood ſprung
Learns to deſpiſe alike the old and young;
Hears other wits with indignation due,
And glories in his own unſpoil'd by you;
Starts up ſelf-form'd divine and politician,
Outlaughs, if not outlogics the logician.
How juſtly, ſtill Experience adding knowlege,
The boy-man pities other boys at college!

Thus have you ſeen how well we do without you:
So, learned Madam, you may look about you.'
He ſaid. She with a ſmile confeſt her mind,
And hi'd her thence a friendlier face to find.

Soon to another as ſhe told her name,
Her occupation and for what ſhe came;
'Miſtreſs, I ſee, and ſee without reproach,
Your feet your horſes, or a ſtage your coach.
But tho' your tongue is ſmooth enough, and tho'
You may be what you ſay, for aught I know;
Is't poſſible that you ſhould e'er pretend
To aſk my premiſes for ſuch an end?
I ſpeak it without pride—nay, do not ſtare;
They've ſerv'd an alderman, and might a may'r.

I'd

I'd recommend, were any ſuch hard by,
An empty barn, old ſtable, or a ſty.'

'Your ſervant, Madam,' greeted next a ſquire:
'Whence are you come, and what is your deſire?'
'Fame points a ſeat that you have, Sir, to ſpare;
And thinks the Muſes might inhabit there.'
'From earlieſt youth I've ever wiſht you well:
Where dwelt my ſires, may now the Muſes dwell.
Two families ſcarce fill the vaſt extent:
Then do not wonder at the double rent.
But Time, by whom the ſtrongeſt fabric falls,
Has ript the roof, and undermin'd the walls.
You're welcome to repair it, if you're willing:
But, Madam, I cannot afford a ſhilling.'

'Sir,' ſaid the Lady, rev'rence dropt withal,
'By me your fabric nor ſhall ſtand nor fall.'

One ſummer's eve *Pedia* chanc'd to ſtray,
Where young plantations hedg'd the winding way,
Where beauteous *Flora* with *Pomona* vi'd,
To ſow and plant and prune and educate their pride.
Here roſe the product of each ſun and ſhower,
Of tree each gender, and each tribe of flower.
Each ſpringing ſpecies of the verdant throng
Danc'd in due order to *Pomona*'s ſong.
Here patient Induſtry improv'd the ſoil,
And here bloom'd Health the eldeſt child of Toil.
What Earth ſends fair or fragrant from her womb
Adorn'd this *Eden*, once a field of broom.

Where

Where gentle Zephyrs only dar'd to blow,
Spontaneous as of old, the plants appear'd to grow.
Enraptur'd long in this enchanting ground,
At laſt *Vertumnus* in a field ſhe found:
'If e'er *Vertumnus* woo'd *Pomona* here,
If e'er *Pomona* held *Vertumnus* dear;
If next to thee fair plants be all her joy,
Far fairer plants my tender cares employ.
Like culture both demand, like ſituation,
Thou beſt canſt point a place for Education.'
'Hail, ſiſter,' ſaid the ſilvan, 'twere my woe,
And my *Pomona*'s, that thou hence ſhouldſt go.
If, till thou find ſome adequate abode,
A ſweet receſs, ſequeſter'd from the road,
Can ſtay thy ſteps, it waits thy wiſe command;
Oh! bleſs a while this yet-uncultur'd land.

Each

Each nymph and ſwain attend thy charming call:
Each hedge I'll wattle, and I'll prop each wall.
Thy care ſhall gambol ſafe upon the green,
And thou ſhalt humbly reign their lov'd, their honor'd Queen.'

'Glad I accept the ſweet ſequeſter'd cell,
Faſt by where thou and thy *Pomona* dwell;
Where native Virtue radiates ſtill the plains,
Where Peace and Plenty crown the hoſpitable ſwains.'

Now Education caſt a piercing ray
O'er ev'ry region where her fav'rites lay:
Nor twice ſeven times had *Sol* his courſe begun,
When at a parent's call *Edina* ſent a ſon.

'Hail

'Hail my firſt-born,' ſhe ſaid, 'tis my deſign
To place thee and thy darlings here, the Nine.
Where ſilvan ſcenes on ev'ry hand delight,
Where great *Auguſta* too exalts the ſight.
See holy *Peter's* light-aſcending pile,
The peerleſs glory of a gothic iſle!
There my ſurviving ſons ſome tribute pay
To thoſe whoſe aſhes, earth to earth, they lay.
There ev'ry Muſe combines her pow'r to ſhow
That worth ſtill triumphs over ev'ry foe;
That wit ſhines brighter forth a beam of God,
When diſembodi'd from the deadly clod;
That thoſe whoſe deeds have writ their names on high,
Amid the very tombs ſhall Time and Death defy.

Look

Look where great *Paul*'s auguſt corinthian fane
Now ſwells in air, now ſinks in ſmoke again:
Stupendous ſtructure paſſing tongue or pen,
That blends the pow'r of Majeſty and *Wren*.
There palaces ariſe, and villa's here:
Where Peace moſt flouriſhes, fell War is near.
There Affluence riots on what Heav'n has lent;
Here well-earn'd Competence beſtows Content.
There ſoul and body join to purchaſe Wealth:
Here cloudleſs Toil ſecures the ſoul's and body's health.
Yet trees alone to rear has been the ſcope;
Nor ever roſe before the britiſh hope;
But now ſhall riſe. And ev'n if trees to rear,
Pomona's ſons muſt ſerve a ſeven-long year;

So

So here muſt thou my nobler art to reach:
He that would teach to learn, muſt learn to teach.
Train'd to my lore the term expir'd ſhall ſee
Thee worthier of a ſite, a ſite more worthy thee.

OF all the arts that honor human-kind,
The firſt muſt be the culture of the mind;
And of the objects that our care employ,
The moſt momentous is the riſing boy.

How then to form the infant head and heart,
To mold the outward with the inward part;
To trace young genius from its latent ſprings,
T'explore what each denies, and what it brings;
T'improve the pow'rs, as Nature bids them play,
To make the Paſſions own fair Reaſon's ſway;

To rear the child to youth, the youth to man,
Be my advent'rous theme. Behold the plan,
On which I form'd the great of ev'ry age,
Inſpir'd the heros, and illum'd the ſage;
On which a *Samuel* or a *Cyrus* roſe,
Whence ev'ry art and ev'ry ſcience flows:
Paths which the ſons of Wiſdom ſtill have trod:
Hail, paths thrice hallow'd by the Son of God!
Great Sire of all, ſend thy bleſt daughter down.
My mighty Parent, and my ſole renown,
Wiſdom, my ſyſtem and my ſong to guide,
And o'er my ſon as o'er myſelf preſide.

The natal hour begins Tuition's plan:
For the firſt miniature commences man.

As from the cradle joy and ſorrow flow,
Much to the tut'reſs muſt the tutor ow:
Nay much, ye maids, it boots how firſt ye bind;
And much, ye nurſes, how ye mold the mind.
Health the firſt care's firſt rule is, *Shun exceſs*,
Of heat or cold, of aliment or dreſs.
But, O ye parents, ſave your charming boy:
For yours it is to ſave or to deſtroy.
Ye tender dames will ne'er deny the food,
That ev'ry dam diſpenſes to her brood.
Shall Inſtinct teach the parent's part to play,
And Reaſon, God and Nature diſobey?
Has Nature pour'd her own nectareous tide
But to ſuſtain her pleaſure and her pride?
Or can ſhe ſubſtitute a foreign flood,
To mingle nobleſt with ignobleſt blood;

To form a changeling, or in part or whole,
A tainted body or a ſordid ſoul?
Health, truſt me, Fair, attends on Duty's call:
'Tis Nature's rebel that is Languor's thrall.
But come ye bleſt, ye real mothers, ſay,
When on the milky mount the ſuckling lay,
When your fond arms enclos'd the ſmiling boy,
Did e'er your boſoms beat with ſuch a joy?
Did ever Beauty's ſelf appear ſo bright,
Or Modeſty afford ſo fine a ſight?
Did e'er the Virgin bluſh in higher charms,
Than with her Son and Savior in her arms?

Yet, if ye wiſh to be completely kind,
O! nurſe as tenderly the infant-mind,

For Nature ſpeaks in ev'ry ſmile or frown:
Ah! cheriſh one, and bear the other down.
Begin to-day, if you'd the body bend;
And not to-morrow, if the mind you'd mend.
The pliant twig accepts the ſureſt form,
The young-train'd tree will ſtouteſt ſtand the ſtorm.
Long ere young Reaſon take the guiſe of ſpeech,
Ye may great leſſons and good habits teach:
Ye may give ev'ry limb its proper play,
Ye muſt found all your rules in one—*Obey:*
So with ſucceſs ye ſhall each ſpirit mold,
Excite the gentle, and repreſs the bold;
The modeſt chear, the rav'nous counteraw;
And ſtill your look muſt be the ſtanding law.

Coſt what it will, be ſteady now, and know
One timely word ſhall ſave you many a blow.
Whatever Reaſon aſks, your love ſupplies:
What Will demands, the ſelf-ſame love denies.
Oh! learn once to deny: the taſk is o'er:
The regulated will rebels no more.
Your pow'r obtain'd prevents all farther ſtrife,
In health gives happineſs, in ſickneſs life;
Prepares to tutor now the looſening tongue,
Whence good and ill in ev'ry age have ſprung.

Though my paſt ſtrains may moſt regard the fair,
Both parents always muſt combine their care,
In pure example, and the niceſt choice
Of ev'ry menial's manners, temper, voice.

For

For now whate'er the apelings hear or ſee,
The ſound they echo, and the thing will be.
With children then, O whoſo talk or play,
For their dear ſake be innocent as they:
If Purity you prize not for your own;
Oh! taint not theirs, which nothing can atone.
Not all the monſters earth or ocean ſpreads,
Not all the hydra's with their hundred heads,
Not all the horrors that in fancy dwell,
Can image Vice, the ſpring and ſpawn of hell.
In her deplor'd abode, remote from day,
Aw the foul fiend, with thy reſiſtleſs ray;
O thou as far beyond the human ken,
Beyond the tongue of angels as of men!
Darling of ſaints below and gods above,
Fair progeny of Wiſdom and of Love,

Whether *Aſtrea*'s name celeſtials know,
Or Virtue moſt endear thee here below;
Shield from Contagion's reach my virgin-charge;
Purge native ill, and native good enlarge.
Inſpire the thoughts, the manners, geſtures, ſpeech
Of all that miniſter and all that teach.

Hear then, ye guardians of whate'er degree;
Nor longer hear, as if ye heard not me.
Think that each uſe or notion ye beſtow,
Sows certain ſeeds of endleſs weal or wo;
That ev'ry word ye drop, or tale ye tell,
May kindle fires that nothing e'er ſhall quell;
May ſtrike vain terror, or puff vainer pride,
Some folly flatter, or ſome wiſdom hide.
Nor yet ſuffice it you no ill to teach:
Precept muſt much, and practice more muſt preach.

They

They you, as you your God, by love obey:
To their God and to yours, like you they pray.
They venerate your age, as you their youth;
They ſcorn a ly, becauſe you tell the truth.
Be Truth, by ev'ry art, their firſt delight;
Let all endear her, and let nought affright:
Still let them find, whate'er they've ſaid or done,
That Honeſty and Policy are one.
Let Modeſty, the guardian of each grace,
Erect her throne on each ingenuous face.
Let love to all, but each in his degree,
Shine forth, as Nature bids, improv'd by me.
Bland Curteſy can ne'er too ſoon begin,
To heighten, not to hide, whate'er's within.
Thus ſhall ye nurture Virtue's charming train,
Entail true pleaſure and extirpate pain.

Thus ſhall ye Nature make or mend by art,
And teach the Soul betimes to play her arduous part.
Amid the higher cares already ſung,
Let mother-wit mature in mother-tongue;
Alike in purity, alike unmixt
With ought that's foreign, till they both are fixt.
Sweet converſe now excites to taſte the ſprings,
Whence wider knowlege flows of men and things:
Yet earneſt muſt the Loves their letters aſk,
A favor granted, not impos'd a taſk.
Bleak are the borders of fair Learning's land;
Her joys we credit, ere we underſtand:
But the firſt entrance paſt, where'er we ſtray,
She feaſts us with her wealth, and dazzles with her day.

EDU-

EDUCATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

TEACHING or taught each ſex has grac'd
my ſong;
To thee, my ſon, my future ſtrains belong.
Moſt might indeed as well affect the fair;
But ſeldom do I prove their happy ſhare.
Mind knows no gender, but of groſs or fine:
Congenial ſouls ſhould riſe on one deſign.
Yet, while both ſexes common gifts demand,
Each aſks its branches from my plaſtic hand.

The ſmall peculiar of the female care
Is houſehold-lore, a ſcience now but rare.
Yet muſt not each deep-read in *Hannah Glas*,
Straight for a daughter of *Minerva* paſs:
Pallas is patroneſs of arts, 'tis true;
But higher arts her vot'ries muſt purſue.
The needle ſhe diſdains not, or the loom:
Ye fair, forget not poor *Arachne*'s doom.
All cannot hope to ſtrike a *Sappho*'s lyre,
Nor muſt each maid to *Dacier*'s praiſe aſpire,
Or merit ſuch a mate, or boaſt of ſuch a ſire.
But all may learn to read and write and ſpell:
Some may remember, others reaſon well.
Eaſy the female culture, light the ſoil:
'Tis heavy he's that are the ſons of toil.

Knew

Knew but the fair how faireſt they might ſhine,
How dull the di'mond's rays to rays divine;
A letter'd lady would no more be antic:
'Tis affectation only proves pedantic.

Hear then, ye matrons who announce my name,
Profeſſing to mature th'accompliſh'd dame,
While you teach Miſs the curt'ſy long and low,
Point the bleſt paths where Virtue's daughters go.
While you teach Miſs to rear her lovely head,
Oh! furniſh it ere ye pronounce her bred:
Nor teach her *Martha*'s buſy part to play,
But that bleſt part which nought ſhall take away.
Think, while you mold the ſhape, and grace the air,
That Virtue only laſts, and blooms for ever fair.

But,

But, if to tut'reſſes I'm rarely known,
O that the tutors' ſelves were all my own!
Long did the guardians, nat'ral and profeſt,
Known or unknown to me, alike conteſt,
Whether in ſchools I rather choſe my ſway,
Or deem'd ſtill ſafer the domeſtic way;
Which made my maxims better underſtood,
Which made my children ſooner great or good;
Pointed the paths they ſhould not quit when old,
Or promis'd better, when their tale is told.
Did Nature furniſh alſo mental milk,
Could mothers judge of genius as of ſilk;
If parents always did a parent's duty,
And ſought the mind's as much as body's beauty;
Purchas'd they not (ſad merchants!) for their train
A moment's pleaſure with an age of pain;

Were

Were Solitude impregnable to Sin,
Crept Danger leaſt, where leaſt Suſpicion, in;
Did Vice not wear the face of Virtue here,
Did pamper'd Pride not Dignity appear;
Took ſheepiſhneſs not Modeſty's fair gulſe,
Were to be cowardly not to be wiſe;
Uſurpt not Ignorance bright Knowlege' name,
Nor boaſted ſelfiſh Dulneſs ſocial flame;
Some plea might urge clandeſtine Education:
Yet where's the whetter like my Emulation?
Say then, inſpirer of whoe'er excel,
In what bleſt region thou delight'ſt to dwell.
For where thou liv'ſt, I live; where di'ſt, I dy:
Joint as we ſtand, unſever'd ſhall we ly.
Retirement ne'er could light thy ſocial fires:
The cocker'd ſon ne'er knew thee at his ſire's.

'Mong

'Mong numbers is thy reign, or friends or foes:
By various ſprings impelling theſe and thoſe.
Thou gen'rous rivals joy'ſt to make or find:
Now he before looks back on him behind,
Now the ſurpaſt o'ertakes the bleſt before;
And now they pant abreaſt, till either can no more.
So minds maturer vy in life's career,
By hope incited, or allay'd by fear.
Each paſſes each, as thou enflam'ſt their ſoul,
Till mutually ſublim'd, they reach the goal.
Nor ſtopp'ſt thou there—but fir'ſt the heav'nly hoſt
Who ſhall ſtill higher hymn Sire, Son and Holy Ghoſt.

Yet

Yet not each youthful throng, yclept a ſchool,
Has ſeen my charmer, or confeſt my rule.
Unnumber'd ſchools have fill'd, nay fill'd the faſter,
That neither ſhe nor I e'er knew the maſter.
Some critics eye the polity and ſtate;
The dame that nurſes, and the ſlaves that wait.
Some ſcan the manſion, or ſurvey the lands,
Each minding moſt what moſt each underſtands.
While others go a ſchooling as a ſhopping,
With no more view than children go a hopping;
Or with a view to criticiſe the elves,
To plague the people, or to pleaſe themſelves.
Oft parents chooſe by ſite: 'tis near, they ſay:
We ſtill can bleſs our darling once a day.

Nay

Nay once a week we'll have the urchin home,
Leſt from ourſelves his little heart ſhould roam:
For, did we not, the dear might be the fool
To blind himſelf with books, and love an odious ſchool.
There ſhould we let him mope throughout the year,
As ſome think beſt, who think they know to rear;
He would forget to rule, where all obey;
Nay and to feed—but poor four times a day:
No wonder if he prove no epicure,
(What parent can the cruel thought endure?)
No wonder if the chick become no glutton,
Where mutton follows beef, beef follows mutton.
But when we get him home, we'll make amends;
We'll ſhow him there, that all his thraldom ends.

There

There he, except himself, shall master all:
The trembling servants shall attend his call.
There he shall learn to eat, and not to read:
What, though a surfeit should sometimes succeed?
He's near the doctor, who will but confine him
A week or two; and that ourselves design him.
Then he may pour his pleasures and his pains;
Who kindly loves, or cruelly restrains;
What gives him most to laugh or most to cry:
For in his life he never told a ly.
Talk not of future joy at present cost:
A bird in hand for me: he shan't be crost.
If e'er his bosom with resentment burn,
And so he choose, he never shall return;
But range from school to school, till, childhood past,
He can but gird the gallant sword at last.

Ease

Eaſe teaches others there to place their pride,
Where moſt commodious for the ſunday's ride.
Health and Convenience join t'increaſe the flocks
That ſkip contiguous to the country-box.
Others far relegate their hopes from town:
No matter though a ſchool-boy ſpring a clown.
Some us'd to ſcales can weigh me by the pound:
Now in the heavy, now the light I'm found.
Some frugal folks prefer what Yorkſhire breeds,
And think one ſoil may nouriſh men and ſteeds.
With any *lingo* and without a letter,
May riſe a jockey or Newmarket-better.
The pious ſavings of the ſage deſign
Shall leave a luſtre diff'rent far from mine.
Some more refin'd by t'other touchſtone try:
My merit heightens, as my terms are high.

Sure

Sure ſuch expence of fortune and of years,
'Midſt a young mob of commoners and peers,
Muſt form the heroe, patriot, or divine;
Whate'er is ſolid, or whate'er can ſhine.
Ten years the Doctor ſpent at *Eton*-ſchool,
Which ſent to *Cam* nor ignorant nor fool:
Full fifteen years have there enroll'd his name:
Degrees ſucceſſive aſcertain'd his fame.
The dignitary, Reaſon will decide,
In Learning's paths muſt prove the hallow'd guide.

Some ſchools are fam'd, becauſe of ancient ſtanding:
This man's a maſter; for he loves commanding.
This well will feed: remark how well he eats!
That well will nurture; for he never beats.

T'other don't plague his boys to read or think:
He (ſocial ſoul!) can with the parents drink.
One half the year is oft aſſign'd to play;
But here the whole is one ſweet holiday.
'Give me a native: Children's bread to dogs!
'And me a foreigner, before our hogs.'
A butcher broke may breed a butcher's brat:
Himſelf is ſtill a brother of the bat.
Whom nought befits, and who can nothing fit,
May open ſtill a nurſery of wit.
Here come more cuſtomers, and fewer judges,
Than in whatever other path he trudges.
He undertakes alike and underſtands,
And executes alike all my commands.

But

But who can now announce with equal plea,
All ſchools collective in th' *Academy*;
With him who waves the ready writer's pen,
And ſo is qualifi'd to flouriſh men?
He'll ſtrike great *A* with any man alive:
Nay he can ſhow that two and three make five.
All elſe th' Academiſt muſt teach on truſt:
Proxies he pays, who doubtleſs will be juſt.
Sometimes *Academy* beſpeaks *deſign*,
And forms the youth to ev'ry art that's fine;
Each ſalutary art that lulls the ſenſe,
Or all in one, *the ſcience of defence*:
Sometimes announcing, with peculiar pride,
The art, to Britons yet unknown, *to ride*.
The dancer thus or ſinger rears the dame,
Their arts engroſſing now my female name.

Yet either ſex ſtill boaſts ſome erudition:
Wiſdom of words remains the joint ambition.
'Tis dreſs that conſtitutes the *belle* and *beau*:
Guiltleſs of ſenſe, their very words are ſhow.
But without me no foreign tongue is known,
And truly vulgar were perhaps their own.
So with the french of Swiſs or refugee,
Unlicenc'd menials as untaught by me,
They britiſh blend from latin pure and greek:
French-engliſh then, or engliſh-french they ſpeak.

Names I regard not, or of perſon, place;
Of ſchool or college, title, robe or race.
I aſk not where or how, but what is bred;
No more dy Learning black, than Courage red.

Crude

Crude lit'rature and adſcititious color
But cover coxcombs, or make dunces duller.
I've ſeen urbanity profeſt by clowns,
Seen Vice and Dulneſs ſtalk in ſolemn gowns;
Seen Wit and Virtue till a barb'rous ground,
Long ere their luſtre pierc'd the palpable around.
Where'er he be, whatever be his coat,
Mine be the man who has not ſprung by rote;
Whom Learning boaſts as critically known,
Whom jealous Virtue vindicates her own;
On whom the Graces wait, or grave or gay,
To double all his worth, and give his pow'rs their play.
In books and things divine and human taught,
In pureſt language pouring pureſt thought:

Of eye ſagacious embryo-parts to ſcan,
Of pow'r to perfect ev'ry pow'r in man.
Bleſt with a taſte and talent to impart,
A maſter's firmneſs and a parent's heart;
By Nature and by Art ordain'd to rear,
To win by fondneſs, or compel by fear:
Still maſter of himſelf who others aws,
And by his life enforcing all his laws.
Such is the man that's born and bred for me:
Happy, my ſon, if ſuch I find in thee!

Of all the names that have my name confeſt,
Abus'd *Academy* ſeems ſtill the beſt;
In due gradation op'ning ev'ry ſchool,
Maturing Reaſon ſtill by Reaſon's rule;

With

With pains proportion'd forming frame and mind,
That one part leave not t'other part behind.
Such ſchool, my ſon, to open with ſucceſs,
Mark well what Wiſdom and Experience preſs.
Be *Sirach*'s heir and ſapient *Solomon*,
But more the *Jeſus*, *David*'s wiſer ſon;
With his bleſt convert, bold and poliſh'd *Paul*,
Thy maſters, models, paragons in all.
Let Provocation rage, or Folly buz,
Still ſoar ſuperior with the man of *Uz*.
Nor hallow'd only, Eloquence and Rime
Have offer'd counſel in each tongue and time.
A *Xenophon* in wit and war, we ſee,
Could form a heroe, or a heroe be.

Quintilian offers too a various light,
And ſhows an equal ſkill to rear and write.
Rollin, the famous pedagogue of France,
Left other leſſons than to ride or dance.
Locke, the great analyſt of man and mind,
Points how the ſources may be beſt refin'd.
In ſyſtem'd ſong I ne'er was tun'd before,
Though without me no genius e'er could ſoar.
Milton diſdain'd me not; but had he ſung,
My name with *Eve*'s around the world had rung.
As bird-catchers pretend to ſkill in birds,
So boy-catchers announce my art in words;
Nor only words: to their, not my diſgrace,
Many have daub'd, who never ſaw, my face.
Ne'er more than now pretenders ſwarm'd our iſle:
This by the way—my children know my ſtile.

Sages

Sages or bards with chaſten'd rapture read:
Mere human genius may ſometimes miſlead.
Blindly thou canſt not follow guides divine,
Whoſe pillar never fails, whoſe fires unerring ſhine.

Firſt Nature ſcan, elſe fruitleſs were the toil;
And mark the ſeed beſt ſuited to the ſoil.
Mark how each ſoil may beſt receive its ſeed,
How beſt produce what Nature has decreed.
Explore the depth, the temper, turn and taſte;
The age, complexion, clime, the tilth, the waſte.
To each, or each combin'd, thy culture ſuit,
And hope in time to reap the happy fruit.

But

But Emulation only wakes the pow'rs;
Shows what ſublimes, what ſweetens and what ſours.
Each ſtrikes from each, as ſteel from flint, the fire:
By turns they triumph, and by turns inſpire.
Prime be the care then like with like to claſs;
Nor yoke the young and old, the horſe and aſs.
Without or hope or fear, in vain they ſtrive,
One to advance, another to arrive.
Yet no more from like age than equal ſize,
Not always from like parts do rivals riſe.
Mind is not meted or by year or yard:
Mere accidents may forward or retard.
Far leſs can equal ſtanding, like deſire,
Or ſuch ſtill kindle Emulation's fire.

Let

Let real rivals then together go,
Neither too rapid theſe, nor thoſe too ſlow.
So ſhalt thou fathom and extend the reach,
So ſhalt thou whet and model each by each;
Or lop luxuriance or defect ſupply,
Exalt the humble and pull down the high.

Some minds by thoſe of equal age ſurpaſt,
May no leſs ſurely reach the goal at laſt.
Some temp'raments are hot, and others cold:
Minds ripen variouſly in various mold;
Nay diff'rently mature in diff'rent clime.
Yet tranſplantation may abridge the time,
From cold to warm, nay oft from hot to mild:
As Nature grafts the twig, ſhe grafts the child.
Much on the cultivating hand depends;
Which way ſhe nurſes, and what time ſhe tends;

Much

Much on the plight: pale Sickneſs lags behind;
Enormous Health ſometimes o'ergrows the mind.
Let Nature do her beſt combin'd with Art,
Feeble are fondlings, and diſſolv'd their heart;
Deprav'd their body, ſoul, their temper, all:
Oh mold the temper, let what will befall.

Cloſe, though contraſted parts, the ſhrine and ſoul,
Each temp'ring each, make one attemper'd whole.
Corporeal weal four articles enhance:
Fine air, ſtrong toil, plain food and temperance.
Yet the beſt temper of the mortal part
Can only miniſter to head and heart.
That theſe conſent and mutually excel,
Nor one miſregulate, nor one rebel,

Be thy momentous taſk. In all their kinds
By temp'rature to train the op'ning minds,
The ſame quaternion muſt their influence blend
In concert due; ſo ſtill the fourth tranſcend.
'Tis Virtue that ſerenes the mental air,
And bids, *Be light:* for radiant Learning's there.
Far then be foul Contagion's clouds diſpell'd;
Far be each folly, name and thing, with-held.
Far be the thoughtleſs of whate'er degree:
Nay far be menials; or ſhow menials me.
For mind and body vig'rous toil is good:
Firſt to deſerve, and then digeſt, the food.
The food for both muſt without ſurfeit fill,
Supply new ſpirits and new ſtrength inſtil.
Both much it boots by period to abſtain,
That each may bring new appetite again.

The

The wond'rous pair for mutual good contests
Alternate: while one labors, t'other rests.
This is abstemious, while that partner feeds;
So joy to joy incessantly succeeds.
Wise Temp'rance, foe alike to each excess,
Marks well the points where pain and pleasure
press;
Apportions all, economist of joy!
Else fated pleasure pleasure would destroy.
While food thus food, and toil thus toil relieves,
The mate refresh'd the weary mate retrieves.
Th'organic part, to tune the mental song,
By food is nourish'd, and by toil is strong.
The generous mind unbent the sport partakes,
And joins the body in the chear it makes.

Yet

Yet body knows not intellectual joy,
Which long indulg'd, its organ would annoy,
Did not each night a Recreater kind
At once refit the frame and renovate the mind.

Deep in a ſhade, ſequeſter'd far from day,
Where ſilver *Cynthia* ſcarce ſteals in a ray;
Unknown to tumult, unalarm'd by noiſe,
A ſanctuary from human cares or joys,
By *Lethe* lav'd, in which alike are loſt
The ſcheme ſucceſsful and the courtſhip croſt;
Lurks a low fane, which glimm'ring tapers light
But juſt enough to lay their lord in ſight.
Here ſunk in down, ſupinely lies along
The mighty monarch of the drouſy throng:

His

His pond'rous brows entwining poppies bind,
He waves his ſceptre, when he will be kind.
He ſheds his balſam o'er the lids of men
From his dread ſceptre's point, a dunce's pen.
No clarion clangs; the ſignal is a yawn:
The vot'ries enter, and the vail is drawn.
Then falls the drop; but not alike on all:
Drop moſt mellifluous, when moſt ting'd with gall!
Pervading ev'ry bone as ſmooth as oil;
Of ſureſt virtue to the ſons of Toil.
But above all is this bleſt balſam kind,
When Recollection has ſeren'd the mind.
For Vice and Sleep are enemies profeſt,
Nor ever Riot ſhall engender Reſt.

Who-

Whoe'er to Toil prefers inglorious Eaſe,
Whoe'er on Idleneſs begets Diſeaſe;
Whoever languiſhes with black annoy,
Let none ſuch hope the ſoporific joy.
The balmy God to Guilt denies the quill,
Or makes the heart with double horror thrill,
When he bids *Morpheus* arm his griſly forms
With vengeance premature, and more than
imag'd ſtorms.
On t'other ſide the ball ſtands Labor's fane,
The antipode direct of Sleep's domain.
Toil loves the day, loves hurry, noiſe and ſtrife,
And all the buſy ſcenes of ſocial life.
Alternate here the mind and body move:
Alternate, yet unparted, they improve.

Conjunct, though ſev'rally, the throne addreſs,
A *Homer* here, and there a *Hercules*.
Each morn *Melpomene* attunes the ſong:
Each eve *Terpſichore* enweaves the throng.
Youth works the frame, Maturity the mind;
Health hails her parent, ſtrength'ner of mankind.
Here Art and Science, Wit and Virtue wait,
To pay their matins at the temple-gate.
The cock crows loud, the ample doors unfold:
The worſhippers ſucceſſive are enroll'd.
The watchful Hours precede the gray-ey'd Maid,
Who paves the way with roſes: charming trade!
Bleſt harbinger of radiance yet afar.
Hail, bright *Apollo* in thy golden car!
Led by thy light, and by thine ardor fir'd,
Toil's vot'ries run the courſe thou haſt inſpir'd;

Till

Till ev'n thyſelf fatigu'd thy *Thetis* gain,
And leave mankind to Sleep's reſtoring reign.
While theſe contending friends the world divide,
Bleſt Temp'rance ſtill muſt over both preſide;
Elſe each encroaching would the other foil:
Toil would unbalſam Sleep, or Sleep enervate Toil.

Nor muſt who mean a healthful mind to train,
The body's labors or its ſports diſdain.
Each toil as taſk muſt know its ſtated hour,
To bring ſalubrity or perfect pow'r;
To mold the motion by the graceful dance,
The foil to flouriſh, or to wield the lance:

Or, ſallying forth, the mountain's ſteep to ſcale;
Thence darting down, to bruſh along the vale:
To cleave the wave, when *Sirius'* ardors glow,
Or on its ſurface glaz'd with grace to flow:
To taſte the joys gymnaſtic labors yield,
The various conflicts of th'olympic field:
To run, to vault; to urge or rein the ſteed;
To ſend the ball along th'enamel'd mead
With club herculean; or with dextrous hand,
Each waiting wiſely at the meaſur'd ſtand,
To ſpank th'elaſtic globe, at ev'ry bound,
Or from the batter'd wall, or from the echoing ground.

But Temp'rance marks when toils become too ſtrong,
And points the gentler to the ſportive throng.

When

When ſhe beholds with ſtorms *Aquarius* ſtor'd,
She bangs the balls about the verdant board;
Or bids the cunning bowl, in air ſerene,
Bias its winding way acroſs the ſhaven green.
Now for the flying cork the ſeaſon comes:
Hark how they drive it with alternate drums!
And now with certain aim the archers know
To wing an arrow from the twanging bow:
But ſoon more lawful minions of the ſky,
The harmleſs kites above the pigeons fly.
Yet to deſcend from ſuch enormous height
(Beneath thy note is not the youngeſt wight.)
Not tops to honor were no venial ſin,
The blunt we torture, or the ſpik'd we ſpin.
So reſtive Dulneſs moves as laſht along,
While Genius ſprings ſpontaneous, ſound and ſtrong.

So,

So, when *Alecto* laſht the latian queen,
Around and round ſhe roam'd, for injur'd *Turnus* keen.
Nay daign a tender ſmile on humble taw:
But be ſtrict Juſtice e'en the infant's law.
Far from each ſport be ſordid thirſt of gain:
The prize be pleaſure, nor the forfeit pain.
How cloſe to Juſtice Mercy is alli'd!
Still let us Sport from Cruelty divide.
What has yon ſongſter warbling on the ſpray,
But pour'd her throat, that ſhe ſhould dy to day?
Or what the hapleſs child of vernal ſun
But ſpred his gorgeous wing, for torture, done?
Parent of ſweet, and friend of human-kind,
What haſt thou done, or what haſt thou deſign'd,

But

But emblem'd Induſtry and beggar'd Skill?
What though thy ſweets one bitter truth inſtil?
That foul Ingratitude ſhall Vengeance bring,
Nor baſe Barbarity e'er want a ſting?
Muſt man and boy for this thy life purſue?
For this can fire and brimſtone be thy due?
Ye beauteous friſkers in the flood beware:
The writhing worm but clothes a barbed ſnare.
For food as ye ſurpriſe the thirſty fly,
For food, by the fictitious caught ye dy.
Shall *Puſs* and *Tray* thy ſocial ſervants be,
And ſhall they prove the ſport of Cruelty?
The fox and tiger may have vengeance drawn;
But canſt thou kill the lev'ret or the fawn?

Nor yet too ſoftly-high, my Muſe, diſdain,
The honeſt labors of the hardy ſwain:
Whether to ſkim aloft the whirling coit,
Or a huge rock to heave the hard exploit;
Whether at once to batter down the nine,
Or be the center'd fire the dread deſign;
Or muſt a ſtronger ball the plains aſtound,
As whirring through the air, and ſmoking o'er the ground.
Ev'n in ſuch feats Attention's eye may ſee
What Nature is, or what ſhe once may be.
But if we would her nobler temper ſcan,
And in the child inveſtigate the man;
From humble draughts we higher draughts may gueſs,
And mathematic minds explore in cheſs.

Yet

Yet far from youth be cards and dice away;
Far as the gates of hell, the luſt of play.
Such exerciſe, in quantity and kind,
As but diverts, not diſſipates, the mind;
Recruits the vitals, recreates the ſoul
To ſeek new labor, without new controul;
Such only earns the name of Recreation,
Such claims alone the ſmile of Education.

EDUCATION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CORporeal temper gain'd empow'rs thy care
With like ſucceſs the mental to prepare.
T'improve the Reaſon, thou muſt win the Will:
This ſummons all thy temper, all thy ſkill.
Self-love, the guardian of mankind below,
Is mimict oft by Selfiſhneſs his foe;
Of Artifice and Dulneſs this the brat,
Of Nature and of Wit the offspring that.
In univerſal good he finds his own:
Her happineſs is plac'd in ſelf alone.

As

As diff'rent ſpring, though like as he and ſhe,
From rival parents, rival progeny.
Here Dignity, the conſcious queen of grace!
Her ſiſter Modeſty with bluſhing face!
There puffing Pride, diſtinguiſh'd by her gait,
And ſneaking Meanneſs her unſever'd mate!
Hence Vanity and Rage and Envy ſwell;
Hence Frowardneſs and Fear and ev'ry hell;
Nay Indolence, who chains each noble pow'r,
Denies the heart to warm, the head to tow'r;
Denies all motion or to frame or mind—
Cruſh, cruſh the trait'reſs where ſhe yawns reclin'd.

How beſt to overthrow thy various foes,
The tempers they attack will beſt diſcloſe.

One

One rule is gen'ral: if they muſt be ſeen,
Let each appear with an unborrow'd mien,
To infant Reaſon's early-piercing eye:
Seen they're deteſted, and deteſted dy.
Nor aught detects ſo true their hateful ſhape,
As the bright paragon that each would ape:
For, if thou wouldſt o'erturn the ſelfiſh reign,
If quite eject the ſorc'reſs and her train;
Let bold Self-love diffuſe his radiance round;
The hag abaſht ſhall quit the hallow'd ground.
Let Honor's harbinger but woo th'embrace;
Deſtruction's forerunner ſhall fly the place,
With Diſobedience, man's as angel's foe:
Dulneſs herſelf at laſt ſhall ſeek the ſhades below.

Each

Each paſſion hailing now thy bleſt command,
Unclouded Reaſon courts fair Culture's hand;
Thirſts to be good, and hungers to be wiſe;
Strains ev'ry pow'r, and opens all her eyes.
Swift ſeize the juncture; ſatisfy her lore
With pleaſing food: but let her pant for more.
Nought is more hazardous to either part
Than ſurfeit: let ſufficience ſeal thine art.
Far eaſier 'tis t'allay than to excite,
Which be thy conſtant aim, the appetite.
For, 'till the temp'raments are quite ſubdu'd,
Some will be ravenous, and ſome be rude;
Some ſickly ſtomachs lothe whate'er they're bid,
Or ſtubborn taſte not, if they are not chid.
Some ſhut their ears, and hear not Reaſon's voice;
Some ſhut their eyes, and ſee not Wiſdom's choice;

Some

Some feed the flesh, and starve th'immortal mind;
Some count thee cruel, when thou most art kind.

As various culture tempers various clay,
So various tempers various rule obey.
One meets thy wishes, ardent to imbibe;
One waits thy orders, of the pliant tribe.
This little flutt'rer hardly thinks at all:
That heavy drouser hears not till thou bawl.
Nay to this other thou must bawl again,
And ah! to that thou speak'st or bawl'st in vain.

The last first ascertain'd thou'lt soon deplore,
Each human effort tri'd, thou canst no more.
Where Nature owns she has not play'd her part,
Vain were the efforts of angelic art.

But

But Nature ſeldom fails: falſe Culture's ken,
Or blind or careleſs, blaſts the future men.
Of all things Habit is the beſt or worſt:
'Tis ſecond Nature mends or mars the firſt.
The ſecond to neglect then how abſurd;
Since none can either hope or fear a third.
The two firſt claſſes may be well careſt:
Yet ah! indulge but as they can digeſt.
Few volunteers does fair Attention find,
Parent of thought, and guardian of the mind:
Bleſt introductreſs of each mental good,
Whoſe preſence can alone each ill exclude.
Come, heavenly Tutoreſs, and with thee bring
The cæſars that beſt prune the flutt'rer's wing;
The lure that beſt excites the loit'rer's haſte,
Bid the one ſtop, bid t'other come and taſte

A joy

A joy nor Sloth nor Giddineſs beſtows.
Hail, Queen of duty, whence each pleaſure flows!
Here, young and old, your ardent homage pay:
Ye learners, glory to confeſs her ſway.
Young Reaſon muſt to riper Reaſon bow;
Nay what ſhe cannot ſee, muſt credit now.
But clear thy Culture's light as lambent be:
Let what thou ſhow'ſt ſhow what they once ſhall ſee.
To this bleſt ſtate with mutual ardor preſs:
So ſhall each day be crown'd with new ſucceſs,
The ſole true animation: never bribe
By mercenary bait th'ingenuous tribe.
Duty ſelf-bleſſing be in means and end:
All other joys on Duty ſhall attend.

Still let thy ſmile endear th'attended nod:
Show that thy ſmile beſpeaks the ſmile of God.
But ah! where neither nod nor ſmile avails,
Where the moſt wiſely-charming charmer fails;
Where Love, man's nobleſt paſſion, can't endear,
Deſcend thou muſt to her ſtill ſtronger, Fear.
Such is their ſtate, who know not yet the Lord,
They ſee fair Wiſdom but in her reward:
Their ſcanty ken can boaſt no more extent,
Than to ſpy Folly in her puniſhment.
To Duty's lore if no allurements draw,
From Folly's fate let admonitions aw.
Then flutt'rers, fix; ye loit'rers, ſpeed your pace;
Court, court Attention, or attend Diſgrace.
Thron'd on each brow be ſtill ingenuous Shame,
Still ſparkle in each eye fair Glory's flame.

With

With young or old, when Shame diſdains to dwell,
All goodneſs, greatneſs, every hope farewel.

What faſcination binds the ſtubborn crew?
Or what idolatry, ye rebels, you?
Blind hell-born Diſobedience and Self-will,
Joint to produce and perſevere in ill.
If neither Hope, nor Honor, Virtue's ſpur,
Can prompt your pleaſure, or prevent demur;
If to bland Reaſon's voice ye will not yield,
Know that your lord reluctant arms ſhall wield,
That ſhall reſiſtleſs overturn your reign,
For pleaſure proffer'd wreak the choſen pain,
And from my fane expel you by the rod,
As once the Savior from the fane of God.

While thus, my ſon, thou know'ſt thy foes to quell,
And bidd'ſt the rebel-fool no more rebel;
When thus thou draw'ſt the ſalutary tear,
Still be thy mercy, like thy juſtice, near.
Graces tranſmutable become but one:
Mercy to Penitence is juſtice done.
But when no more mild Mercy's beauties move,
Stern Juſtice rous'd can only Mercy prove.
So, come the worſt that can, the ſuffrers ſee
They have themſelves to thank; my ſon, not thee;
That thy heart bleeds it can no longer ſpare,
That Cruelty alone could farther bear.
Be angry thus, nor ſin: inflict no more,
When the delinquent ſhall his crime deplore;

When

When tardy ſorrow in the eye ſhall ſwim,
Thy point obtain'd releaſes thee and him.
While kind compaſſion thy ſole paſſion ſeems,
While ev'n in Juſtice, godlike Mercy gleams,
Wouldſt thou deſerve both to be ſaid and ſung,
While thou withhold'ſt thy hand, withhold thy tongue;
Would'ſt thou be lov'd, or *only not ador'd*,
Sheath'd be thy words, nor be thy tongue a ſword.
Who knows not that mad member to reſtrain,
Or preaches, prays, or puniſhes in vain?

When thus the quick are taught what pace to go,
When patient art thus animates the ſlow;

When various minds by various means are rear'd,
When now thy empire is belov'd and fear'd;
All may proceed, though not proceed alike:
The ſhaft that paſſes one, will t'other ſtrike.
Each op'ning genius, ultimately good,
Will now accept, if not demand its food.

Food be the firſt and laſt, the bread divine,
Nurſe of the fair, and parent of the fine;
Perennial ſpring whence living waters flow,
Source of whate'er we hope, whate'er we know;
That Word, which bid the great Creation be,
Which gives ſelf-darken'd man once more to ſee.
Sages or poets, of creative vein,
How weak your wiſdom, and how low your ſtrain!

Could

Could fire or water, earth or air, or chance
Create ev'n you, or bid the planets dance?
Dream that might give *Democritus* to weep,
Or *Heraclitus'* ſelf to laugh, or ſleep!
To *Moſes'* beams how feeble *Naſo's* light!
As *Cynthia* pale, when *Phebus* is in ſight.
Whate'er from *Solon* or *Lycurgus* flow'd,
Decemvirs' tables, or *Juſtinian's* code;
What is th'athenian, ſpartan, roman law,
To that which quaking *Sinai* heard and ſaw?
Mere magic art compar'd to *Moſes'* rod;
The ſon of *Amram* to the ſon of God.
Creator, lawgiver, redeemer, hail!
Still may thy law o'er ev'ry law prevail.
To thee each knee in earth and heav'n ſhall bow,
Great ſource and ſummit of perfection, Thou!

With God's hiſtorians what profane ſhall quote
Livy, *Thucydides*, or *Herodote*?
Or *Trogus*, whom in *Juſtin* we deplore,
Or the ſtill-ſav'd ſicilian *Diodore*?
Shall *Nepos*, *Plutarch*, *Curtius*, *Xenophon*,
Eclipſe th'evangeliſts, outſoar Saint *John*;
Peculiar object of thy maſter's love,
Who blend'ſt ſo bleſt the eagle and the dove!
As ſoon their boaſted themes ſhall rival thine,
And human heroes paſs the man divine.
Not ſeven alone muſt yield to *Solomon*:
O that the ſage and king had ſtill been one!
See *Plato*'s ſelf before *Iſaiah* fall;
Dumb is *Demoſthenes* before St. *Paul*.
Ne'er ſhall keen *Tully* catch a *Peter*'s fire,
Or ought profane to hallow'd *James* aſpire.

Hail

Hail *Daniel*, with the captive victors three!
Low is *Longinus'* ſelf to them and thee.
Yet he too kenn'd ſublimity afar,
Beyond the ſphere of the *meonian* ſtar,
Star of firſt magnitude! admir'd exceſs!
Beyond the greater, then beyond the leſs.
Moſes, *Iſaiah*, *David*, *Joel*, *Job*,
Where beam your rivals on the ſtarry globe?
But that of *Bethl'em*, by yourſelves foreſhown,
Which ev'n your greateſt muſt his greater own?

Nor let celeſtial glories dim thine eyes,
Mere human ſplendors wholely to deſpiſe.
For Nature's lamps with light ethereal ſhine,
And, the divine away, become divine.

With

With *Tully* well a *Herodote* might reign
The ſire of ſtory, in iönian ſtrain.
Sage, copious *Livy* proves the roman theme,
Of *Rome*'s recorders doubtleſs the ſupreme.
To paint the ſtrife *Peloponneſus* ſaw,
Thy pencil intimates hiſtoric law,
Nay oratorial; but what's more than all,
Fair Truth, *Thucydides*, attends thy call;
Who knew'ſt, in flagrant war, nor friends nor foes!
Yet ſome to thee quaint *Criſpus* can oppoſe.
But of preſumption who ſhall dare t'accuſe
Compar'd the roman with the attic muſe?
Who could but *Xenophon*, like *Ceſar*, fight?
Who could, like *Xenophon*, but *Ceſar*, write?

If

If ancient war to wage be thy deſign,
Great *Africanus'* maſter muſt be thine:
Nor *Elian's*, nor *Vegetius'* aid contemn;
While ſly *Frontinus* points the ſtratagem.
But modern arts the arts of yore outdo:
Now *Gallia* mourns ſhe taught *Britannia* too.

Or would'ſt thou rather woo the healing art?
Phyſic's own father will his aid impart,
With *Galen* well confeſt her eldeſt ſon,
And *Celſus*, ne'er deni'd yet to be one.
Sages of Health, if not in claſſic dreſs,
Are bleſt *Batavia's* fam'd *Hippocrates*;
He who firſt taught with meaſure to perſpire,
And he who bid the circling maſs admire;

Or

Or old or new, who beſt have known to ſcan,
The wondrous wiſdom in the frame of man.
But yours, whoe'er in Nature would be great,
Be *Pliny*'s love, without a *Pliny*'s fate.
Inveſtigating things deni'd below,
Veſuvius rapt him where 'tis giv'n to know.
Be comforted; nor ceaſe the glorious toil:
New lights beam forth in *Bacon* and in *Boyle*.
With certain ſtep would'ſt thou the ſcale aſcend,
Begin with *Euclid*, and with *Newton* end.
That climbs the ſcale with ſteady ſteps, if ſlow,
This on his ſhoulders kens what man can know;
Explores with rapture all Creation's laws,
And weighs the worlds, didactic of their cauſe.
If ſtructures charm, and genius longs to rear,
Still be *Vitruvius* and *Palladio* near.

Or is the humbler object rural things?
Theſe *Columella* ſpeaks and *Maro* ſings.

But, would'ſt thou trace the mazes of the mind,
And court high Wiſdom, whereſoe'er ſhe's kind?
Mark what a *Plato*'s genius could endite,
What his diſciple ſhrewd, the Stagyrite.
Who but admires a *Socrateſes* life,
The *Job* of *Paynim*, not without his wife?
While from his tongue ſtupendous ſcience flows,
His ſum of knowlege is, he nothing knows;
So nothing writes: *Laertius* treaſures all,
And *Xenophon* forbids a word to fall.
In patience ſtill the ſtoic ſlave ſhall ſhine:
In virtue emperor is *Antonine*.

Secure

Secure was *Seneca's*, though fatal, praiſe!
Not all, like *Fabius*, can young *Plinies* raiſe.

Yet, would'ſt inſpire the ſpeaker's glorious pride?
Who beſt exemplify, the beſt can guide.
Who then like *Tully* bids perſuaſion flow?
Who like the Greek hurls thunder on the foe?
Athens beturk'd muſt her *Mars' hill* deplore,
Nay chriſtian *Rome* her ſenate knows no more.
With Freedom Eloquence transferr'd her ſmile,
Through *Gallia* flew, to bleſs the *Britiſh* iſle;
And here they daign to linger——may they long
Inſpire our ſpeeches and attune our ſong!
For ſongſters too are ours: no age or clime
Engroſſes or the mean or the ſublime.

This,

This, thou *Longinus* know'ſt, whoſe eagle-eye
Can pierce each ſplendor, and each miſt defy:
Thou beyond vulgar daring ſoar'ſt to ſee
The boldeſt efforts of ſublimity.
Say then, has Time extinguiſht *Homer*'s fire?
Are all his ſons inferior to their ſire?
Though *Mantua*'s with *Meonia*'s eagle tow'rs;
Though from *aſtrean*, nay *ſicilian* flow'rs,
Though from the *carian* bard's unhallow'd ground,
Where only poiſon 'mid the flow'rs is found,
He, like his bees, ſucks quinteſſence; yet known
The honey charms us, like the hive, his own.
But ſprung from both, behold in modern days,
A rival-candidate for epic praiſe;
In dialect if lower, loftier ſtill
As *Sion*'s ſummits 'bove *Olympus*' hill.

What

What though *Achilles'* ire and flaming *Troy*
Could ſend a heroe to be *Latium's* joy?
What though *Ulyſſes*, various realms o'errun,
Produc'd at length in *Gaul* an equal ſon;
What though *loſt Paradiſe* the ſong ſuſtain'd
Higher, heart-felt, than *Paradiſe regain'd?*
Though Excellence herſelf the golden mean
Betwixt two ills, the two extremes, is ſeen;
Yet ne'er 'twixt good and ill her place ſhe finds,
Supreme, yet diverſe ſtill in diverſe kinds.
Behold not then with ſupercilious ſcorn
The various themes that various tongues adorn;
Not the dire *theban* brothers' deadly ſtrife,
Whoſe livid flames extinguiſht not with life;
Far leſs the furies of *Pharſalia's* day,
Or all the horrors of the *punic* fray.

All

All hail, ye bulwarks of the fatal paſs,
Who ſtand and fall with brave *Leonidas!*
Nor ſworn to theſe or argonautic pow'rs,
Forget the chief that reſcu'd *Salem*'s tow'rs.
Who but muſt glow that madding *Rowland* reads?
What heart not beat at Gallic *Henry*'s deeds?

Yet not ſublime alone is epic ſong:
To various kinds exalted ſtrains belong.
Epic and *tragic* are but whole and part,
Ennobling both th'ingenuous of the heart:
One repreſents what t'other but relates,
Heroic Virtue ſov'reign o'er the fates.
Some moderns hence renown'd for epic vein,
Have ſoar'd no leſs aloft in tragic ſtrain.

Wiſe, *Taſſo*-like, were *Milton* and *Voltaire*,
Knew they their genius and continu'd there.
The high cothurn, O *Greece*, is all thy own:
Ennius or *Accius* could not long be known.
A *Theſpis* firſt might ſtrike the tragic ſtring,
An *Eſchylus* might decoration bring:
Yet what are both, whate'er their high degree,
To the ſweet ſoaring of th'*athenian bee*?
Hail *Salamis*, all hail th'auſpicious morn
That ſaw the perſian foil'd, the poet born,
Who ſtrong as tender, ſolid as ſublime,
Defies, as merit muſt, the tooth of Time!
Great riſe and ruler of theatric rage,
Where'er the buſkin ſtalks the modern ſtage!
Thy paragon, chaſte, charming, grand *Racine!*
And who ſhall call th'aſſimilation mean?

Thou

Thou found'ſt, as *Maro* had in *Homer* done,
That Nature and *Euripides* were one.
But now *Corneille* will like a comet glow,
Now cool-eccentric where no glaſs can go.
Our *Shakeſpear* thus his eagle-genius tries,
With Nature ſweeps the earth, and ſoars the ſkies;
Nor e'er would from exalted Nature part,
But that he knows not Nature's compaſs—Art.
But *Johnſon* dipt in *Hippocrene*'s ſpring,
Shows how the ſcholar imps the poet's wing;
Confeſſes genius without learning blind,
As learning without genius turns to wind.
So *Johnſon* now, ſublime in various ways,
Rivals ſweet *Addiſon* for both the bays;

Supreme in reaſon, as ſupreme in rage,
Gives Vice to tremble in a vicious age;
Bids Learning once again extend her rule,
Diſdain the coxcomb, and diſmay the fool:
In ſpeech a *Tully*, and a *Pope* in ſong;
As *Moſes* learned, and as *Samſon* ſtrong;
To friends or foes, whate'er he ſpeak or write,
He thunders truth, and deluges delight.

In tragic ſcenes, while paſt and preſent times
Own that, decorum abſent, nought ſublimes;
The *comic* muſe, as if her ſiſter's foe,
Abhorring to be high, would needs be low.
Bluſh *Athens*, *Rome*, bluſh *London*, that ſo few
Of all your comic ſons court Virtue's view.

Know

Know the facetious muſt be ſtill the fit,
And wantonneſs the antipode of wit.
Hence, *Ariſtophanes!* vile *Plautus* hence!
Your attic ſounds ſupply not attic ſenſe.
Yet *Athens* her *Menander* well might boaſt,
Nay *Rome* her *Terence* as the leaſt begroſt.
But where is now the fine *Meander?* where?
Cries *France*, he lives again in my *Moliere.*
Moliere, who ſent the doctors back to ſchool,
Nor left the decent, while he laſht the fool;
The pedant male or female, prig or prim,
The miſer, man-hater, the gay or grim;
Whate'er be Folly's guiſe, the gown or frock,
Moliere remains the monarch of the ſock.

Heroic Comedy takes *Satyr's* name,
With ſcope direct to rally and reclaim:
But who teach others, ſhould themſelves be wiſe,
Nor feed the folly that they ſtigmatiſe.
Say *Juvenal*, ſay *Perſius*, *Horace* ſay,
Muſt ye be groſs to drive the groſs away?
Bluſh *Swift*, thou ſhame and glory of our tongue,
Before thy friends *Arbuthnot*, *Pope* and *Young*.
Yet *Horace* hail, great parent of *Boileau*;
Hail tuneful *Dryden*, who gave *Pope* to flow.
Hail critic bards, how variouſly emblaz'd!
Where wiſdom genius, genius wiſdom rais'd.
But thrice high *Horace* hail! chaſtiſe thy love,
The *theban eagle* hardly tow'rs above:

How-

Howe'er ſublime he tune the doric lay,
Dryden and *Pope* as high will tune *Cecilia*'s day.

The lofty head that would true laurels gain,
Muſt, doubling joy, inſtruct and entertain.
This without that would into vapor fly:
That without this would ſoon in dulneſs dy.
Then let *Callimachus* attune the lyre,
And ſage *Propertius* catch contagious fire;
But far from genius be th'unhallow'd flame,
That boaſts the ſanction of an *Ovid*'s name—
Name ſadly ſuff'ring by what Time has reft,
More ſadly ſuff'ring by what Time has left!
By both we ſuffer too, the loſt and found,
Enchanting though thou tread enchanted ground.

Of other wanton wits, or old or new,
Fly virgin-genius, fly the tainted crew.
Yet early muſt Mythology diſplay
Her *Eſop*, *Phedrus*, *La Fontaine* and *Gay*.
No aids like theſe ingenious Learning finds,
To win by ſweet ſurpriſe the infant-minds.
Nor ſlights ſhe him who ſung *the works and days*,
While him ſhe honors of the threefold praiſe,
To tune the ſwain's, the hind's and heroe's lays;
But moſt the hind's: and thou in rural ſports
Conjunct, the glory and diſgrace of courts,
Hail *Oppian*, prime of cynegetic race,
From *Maro* down to him who founds *the Chace*:
Healthful inhuman trade! forgive me, Squires,
The Muſe that feels when *Renard*'s ſelf expires.

Yet

Yet who'd deny the nerves by toil are ſtrung,
Had never ſage declaim'd, or poet ſung?
Health, *Armſtrong*, is thy own: no rival fear,
To *Thomſon* next in *nature and the year*.

Fair Reaſon, hail, firſt daughter of the Sky,
Hail Speech, ſweet paintreſs to the ear and eye,
Humble or high, all hail! yet firſt the fame
Is his who earns the bard's exalted name.
Forth from a ſpeaker muſt a ſpeaker ſpring:
A poet only bids a poet ſing.
For who gives what he has not? Who could reach
Parnaſſus' ſummit, beſt the road can teach.
Then *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Pope*, effuſe your light:
Give th'infant-Muſe to read, before ſhe write;
And by your own direct her daring flight.

He's

He's the true maſter of the flying ſteed,
Who claim's the ſtagyrite's and theban's meed.
The bard muſt fitly mold the ſprightly mind,
Who *Perſius*, *Juvenal*, nay *Horace*' ſelf refin'd.
The critic-boy is with his maſters plac'd:
While they give talent, he diſpenſes taſte.
He bids our reaſon range, our numbers run;
And fines the honey *Waller*'s bee begun.

Amid the gloom, when Learning rear'd her head,
Firſt *Vida* rais'd *poetics* from the dead,
He beam'd a *Horace* in a *Virgil*'s dreſs,
For higher born than *ſilk-worms* or than *cheſs*.
One golden age, my wond'ring Muſe, record,
Produc'd three guides, a duke, an earl, a lord.

A *Mul-*

A *Mulgrave*, with *Parnaſſus'* joint applauſe,
Apollo's delegate, promulg'd his laws.
Roſcommon, conſcious of the truly great,
Skill'd to compoſe, diſdain'd not to tranſlate:
And *Lanſdown* taught, though us'd to ſoar and ſing,
The needful art to prune the poet's wing.

Roſcommon, *Dryden*, *Pope*, hail maſters three,
Who could a *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Homer* be!
Grave *Pit* with *Dryden* vies for mantuan bays;
But who like *Dryden* lifts a *Chaucer*'s lays?
Pindaric *Prior* needs no foreign aid,
Yet never ſoars beyond *the Nut-brown Maid*.
Were deathleſs wit in deathleſs ſtile enroll'd,
Thy queen, dear *Spenſer*, were not now grown old.

Not

Not that ſhe e'er ſhall dy; but in her dreſs
She is no more immortal than queen *Beſs*.
Bold was the bard that ſwept a *Pindar*'s lyre;
And *Denham* glows with unrekindled fire:
Sooner ſhall *Helicon* withhold his rill,
Than *Cowley* periſh or a *Cooper's Hill*.

What theme, my *Pope*, could ſpirit loftier lays,
Than that which crown'd the infant-poet's praiſe?
Can heaven and earth combine another ſtrain,
Or like to that or next, which hails *Meſſiah*'s reign?

Nor to ſhine ſingle is thy ſcanty ſcope,
Abus'd, miſconſtru'd, candid, pious *Pope*;
Of wits the darling, and of fools the dread,
Who gladd'ſt the living, and embalm'ſt the dead.

Thy

Thy friendſhip knows no bound of claſs or clime,
Thy friend is Merit of each tongue and time.
He who made *Homer* ours, bid *Shakeſpear* ſhine,
Emblaz'd the peer, the ſtateſman and divine.
Thy *Parnel* without thee unknown would dwell,
His *Hermit* ſtill had ſlumber'd in his cell;
The latian minors ne'er had known renown,
Nor *Palearius* liv'd to rival *Browne*.
Yet thou a man might'ſt err, ſevere or kind:
Thy gen'rous warmth might dark thy beaming mind;
As dark it did, which bid immortal be
Some who have damn'd themſelves in ſpite of thee.

Nor

Nor leſs thy glory, venerable *Young*,
Who with ſuch ſtrength thy various bow haſt ſtrung;
Where wit reſiſtleſs heavenly wiſdom wings,
And the ſage thunders, while the ſeraph ſings.
Not two bleſt ages only hail the lay,
And ſtill the ſilver *night* outbeams the golden *day*.
Conſummate *Man* was thine, eſſay'd by *Pope*:
Hail, heirs coeval of immortal hope!

Fir'd with like zeal the young *Racine* aſpire
To ſhare their praiſe, and emulate his fire.
He bids bland Reaſon ope *Religion*'s ſchool,
And ſhow but one the infidel and fool.
He bids all Nature with one voice declare
The hand of Him who made her face ſo fair;

Who

Who hung the radiant orbs that dance on high,
And ceaſeleſs ſing as they revolve the ſky.
See Nature's wiſemen wilder'd and confeſs,
They neither know the reaſon nor redreſs.
Steering without a chart, themſelves explore
A pilot who ſhall wreckt mankind reſtore;
And, while ſucceſſive empires riſe and fall
At the great nod of Him who rules the ball;
Heav'n-raptur'd bards the Prince of peace proclaim;
Acclaiming angels hail the Savior's name;
For man who daigns to live, for man to dy;
To man renew'd who opens all the ſky.
Light is his load; nor knows his yoke annoy,
Subliming Nature to a purer joy;

Proving

Proving alike in practice and in thought,
That true Religion is but Reaſon taught;
That thus the wiſeman perfecting the ſage,
The high profane ſtill owns the higher ſacred page.
By this then human wiſdom that muſt ſcan:
The word of God becomes the lamp of man.
Eternal Truth affords this teſt to Time;
This the ſole ſtandard of the true ſublime.
All muſt be right, where God and man agree:
Man muſt be wrong, where he no God can ſee.
Humility hails eagle-ey'd the light,
Superior clearing ſtill the nat'ral ſight;
While ſelf-confiding Dulneſs ſtill more dark,
Owns not in all the ſun the leaſt celeſtial ſpark.

Hail,

Hail, Radiances! all hail, ye heavenly train,
Bards, Orators, or ſacred or profane!
Bright in your ſev'ral orbs ye ſtill ſhall ſhine,
High or more high, as more or leſs divine.
Still may your light in concert due deſcend:
On your bleſt influence all our hopes depend.
O may this effort of didactic ſong
Prove ſome faint polar to the lanching throng;
To point your place, if not to ſoar your height;
To ſhed ſome beams of your reflected light
O'er all my ſlumb'ring ſons, to ope their eyes,
And ſhow to ſteer my nurſelings as they riſe.

EDUCATION.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ON thee, my Son, be all their pow'r diſplay'd,
Whom they their fav'rite and my darling made;
That, which way Nature ſhall thy aid command,
Each object ſtill may bleſs thy plaſtic hand.
Whether ſhe bid thee crown th'ingenuous arts,
Where head and hand muſt play their mutual parts:
Though this tranſcend, yet that muſt ſtill preſide;
As mind muſt ſtill mechanic motion guide,

To form the honor'd artiſt, and to ſhow
That to be uſeful is not to be low.
He reſts not in effects, but ſcans each cauſe;
And edifies his art on Nature's laws.
His ſphere he thus to reputation brings,
In ſcience verſant as expert in things.
Th'ingenious court him, and the great careſs
If not an *A. M.* yet an *F. R. S.*

Or if fair Commerce to thy care confide
Her preſent pleaſure and her future pride,
Not merely meant a thing to buy and ſell,
Or on per-cents and uſances to dwell;
Not qualified alone with ſlight of hand
To ſtrike a letter, or a ſum command;

But who at leaſt each trading weal ſhall ſcan,
And in the merchant poliſh ſtill the man;
To whom *Britannia* ſhall one day make known
Her ſkill to render either *Ind* her own;
Whoſe weight nor falls nor riſes with the ſtocks,
Whoſe wit elicits gold from *Norway*'s rocks:
Whoſe lib'ral learning of commercial laws,
Shall bid him plead with pow'r his country's cauſe;
Her conſtant credit ev'n in barb'rous climes,
And Juſtice' bulwark ev'n in venal times.

But would'ſt thou rear a minion of the main,
Born to aſſert *Britannia*'s own domain?
Caſt him not letterleſs on *Neptune*'s care:
For whoſo fails a cub, returns a bear.

Nor think that Science muſt be loſt at ſea,
Or dream that Skill and Danger diſagree.
Who ne'er knew home, ſhall he know other lands?
How ſhall he ſteer, who nothing underſtands?
Bend then his yet unharden'd neck betimes:
Teach him to talk the tongues of various climes;
Tell him their ſtory, manners, cuſtoms, trade;
Nor let wiſe *Matheſis* withhold her aid.
Improve his heart, while yet his heart is pure,
And lend his head the ſtrength that may mature.
Thus learning ſtill and lov'd, where'er he go,
The higher court him, while he leaves the low.
He wafts commutual wealth from ſhore to ſhore,
Or, if he muſt, bids *Britain*'s thunder roar:

Too brave or man to dread, or God to dare,
His word is warrant; for he will not ſwear.
Unruffl'd thus, each danger he defies;
And humbly triumphs, or undaunted dies.

For ah! diſgrace to man! ſome riſe to arms;
To ſhield mankind from human-kind's alarms.
What though, where Peace expands her downy wing,
She give each flock and field to laugh and ſing?
Though Art and Science bleſs her golden reign,
Though fearleſs Commerce dance along the main;
Though antipodes unite in mutual love,
And antedate the harmony above;

Yet what bid blinded angels firſt rebel,
And in the heart of heaven engender'd hell,
May bid their lower lower bliſs forego,
And taſte too ſoon the horrors of below.
When Pride emerging with the ſelfiſh train,
Fell foes to Peace, bid Deſolation reign,
This ſpirit ſcorns his higher to confeſs:
That will be great by making t'other leſs.
Immenſe poſſeſſions mourn the unpoſſeſt:
The poor man's little lamb would render bleſt.
Where'er Oppreſſion threats, ſee Valor near,
Whoſe radiant ſword inculcates flight or fear.
Thus *Nimrod* ſteel'd by ſlaughter firſt of brutes
Turn'd on mankind Ambition's dire purſuits:
But *Aſſur*'s realm, that made the world a thrall,
Muſt with the ſoft *Sardanapalus* fall;

And

And *Babylon*, who rear'd her head on high,
On light *Belſhazzar* can no more rely.
Euphrates ſwerves to call a *Cyrus* in,
And bid the perſian well-earn'd pow'r begin.
But ah! when to his fame no more it tends,
By grecian weight the perſian ſcale aſcends.
For who ſhall ſerve himſelf a *Cyrus*' heir,
But the great ſon of *Ariſtotle*'s care?
Who, when he won the world, might well deplore,
That he could not ſubdue one monarch more.
So *Grecia* yields, or partial or combin'd:
Rome duly riſes miſtreſs of mankind.
If ſhe muſt have a partner in her throne,
What rival there can mighty *Julius* own?

Brave,

Brave, bright, wiſe, warlike, unknown, injur'd name,
To which *Auguſtus'* ſelf refers his fame;
Julius, whoſe battles but bid battles ceaſe,
And introduc'd th'eternal *Prince of peace!*
If then the perſian or pellean boy,
Or his great paragon who ranſackt *Troy*,
Enflame thy heroe, give him ſoon to know
That but from *Xenophon* can *Cyrus* flow;
That whoſo would like *Alexander* fight,
Muſt ſtudy firſt beneath the *Stagyrite*;
And he who emulates *Achilles'* ire,
Muſt to a *Chiron* ow a *Homer's* fire.
A *Julius* will convince the manly mind,
It was the ſcholar who ſubdu'd mankind;

Nay,

Nay, as his higheſt praiſe, his heir pretends
That *Virgil* and that *Horace* were his friends.
No trifle then will ſeem the ſoldier's taſk,
That head and heart and hands combin'd muſt aſk.
Where not alone great models muſt precede,
But patient Theory to Practice lead:
Polybius, *Euclid*, *Newton* and the reſt,
To whom great Nature all her art confeſt.
The Youth whom theſe enlight, and thoſe inſpire,
Whom neither dangers daunt, nor duties tire;
Who oppoſite regards the brave and bold,
Who thirſt and hunger ſcorns, and heat or cold;
Who from obeying beſt, can beſt command,
His wits when needed moſt, ſtill moſt at hand;

Prefers

Prefers a wife to a ſucceſful act,
A ſpirit conquer'd to a city ſackt;
Secure of honor, let him ſtand or fall,
True to his Lord, and to the Lord of all:
Humane as brave, and humble as obey'd,
Of nought but meanneſs, that is, ſin, afraid:
Whoſe worth intrinſic aſks no aid of cloaths,
Whoſe converſe ſcorns the expletive of oaths.
Of nothing conſcious, not aſham'd to fail;
He bows to Providence, if he prevail:
Juſt to each friend, and gen'rous to each foe,
He owns each merit, and he weeps each woe.
Grim War he woos as harbinger of Peace,
And ſhall ſtill brighter ſhine when battles ceaſe.
He's ſtill his Country's ſoldier, fights her cauſe,
And wins new laurels while he props her laws;

Still

Still Reaſon's champion, till he reach the
ſhore
Where all is right, and War annoys no more.

Nature the youthful artiſt marks her own,
Wiſe Commerce chooſes by her aid alone;
Her mighty ſanction muſt each ſphere adorn:
The ſailor and the ſoldier muſt be born.
Without this rule what millions have been loſt,
Or Genius never known, or always croſt!
Without this rule what ſpheres have been em-
broil'd
By thoſe who liſtleſs mov'd, or blindly toil'd!
But oh! be ſure thou hear great Nature's
voice:
Not always hers is the fond youngſter's choice.

How

How ſhould he chooſe, who no one ſphere has known?
How bring the talents, who ne'er ſcann'd his own?
One will deſign, becauſe he will not think;
And one will trade—for he loves pen and ink.
This to ſee foreign parts will plough the main,
That for a ſwordknot venture a campaign.
They know not, but thou know'ſt, in one and all
'Tis Infancy, not Inſtinct, gives the call.
Be thine then with attentive eye to ſcan
The maſter-features of the future man;
To humor unſeduc'd great Nature's will,
And growing taſte by talent to inſtil.

Sagacious ken the young ſagacious mind,
Whom *Hygieia* bids relieve mankind;
To whom kind Nature proffers not in vain
The ſocial ſyſtems of her threefold reign;
To whom Philoſophy expands her lore,
And Demonſtration opens all her ſtore;
Who ſpeaks the language of the coan ſage,
Digeſts his doctrine, and imbibes his rage;
Nor ſcorns his ſons of any tongue or time,
Extracting ev'ry balm from ev'ry clime;
And while to him the pow'r of all is known,
Their pow'r he renders honeſtly his own.

Nor learn'd alone in the corporeal part,
Is he who emulates a *Penn*'s art.
Sage too to trace the ſoul, which way ſhe tend,
Convinc'd how mutually the parts depend;

He

He ſcans each ſymptom upward to the cauſe,
And from the ſource unfailing balſam draws:
Bleſt with a heart that ſoftens to diſtreſs,
With head and hands that haſten to redreſs;
With ear ſtill open to the humble cry:
To Opulence relief is ever nigh.
Nor hies he to decreaſe the ſcanty ſtore,
Nor ſays he to the rich, 'Be rich no more.'
Sufficient without Rapine is Diſeaſe:
The friend of man's delight is man to eaſe—
Nor not himſelf: with Fame his Fortune flows,
And he has more, ſtill more as he beſtows.
Thus arm'd he marches 'gainſt the griſly band,
Whom Terror's monarch pours around the land.
Before him each Diſeaſe and Demon flies;
And from new triumphs ſtill new triumphs riſe.

Hear

Hear blooming Health with all her buxom train,
Her Hero bless, who blesses Heaven again.
Thence raptur'd owns his ev'ry light descends,
Thence well he knows all human hope depends.
He knows our make, how beauteous and how strong,
Yet knows the miracle we last so long.
In both the great Creator he adores,
Till finish't Skill to Intuition soars.

Nor less acutely than the young physician
Descry afar the infant politician.
But frothy Pertness promises no parts,
And poor prognostics are low Cunning's arts.
Yet, in the box as pages may take places,
Who vanish on th'arrival of their Graces;

So *Pere* and *Sy* may now and then declare,
That Wit and Wisdom shall in time be there.
But sure how long the mimic menials stay,
They insinuate their paragons away.
Be then, whate'er the cost, the genius found,
Whose parts are piercing, and whose sense is sound;
Whom Justice bids arise her chosen friend,
Who shall *Demosthenes* with *Tully* blend;
Who of dull precedent shall spurn the load,
And but from justice self receive her code.
Arm'd with each grace of science and of speech,
With all that Nature gives, and Ages teach;
Wrongs to redress his pregnant pow'rs conspire,
And Truth not Triumph fits his soul on fire.

As knowing modeſt, and as modeſt bold,
He ſhows that Juſtice is not to be ſold.
Warm not to win, but to deſerve applauſe,
He burſts the heroe of the helpleſs cauſe.
He gives the widow's heart to ſing for joy,
And ſmiles a parent on her ſmiling boy;
Bids Virtue triumph, and keeps Vice in aw,
And proves once more that Juſtice is but Law.

So now, behold the Pleader rais'd to hear!
See liſt'ning ſenates his award revere!
Who ſcorn'd to dazzle, dazzling arts defies,
And kens fair Truth however low ſhe lies.
Both ſides my Lord with calm attention ſcans,
And weighs the cauſe's merit, not the man's;
Hails Truth preponderant, nor dreads to deem,
And bids the lighter balance kick the beam.

But mark the Youth, whose head and heart
combine,
Whate'er is delicate, whate'er divine;
Where Piety to parents lifts the eye,
Thence soaring to the Parent of the sky;
Where heavenly Meekness still serenes the mind,
Where ardent Love embraces human-kind;
Who in his soul and spirit, wit and love,
Unites the lamb, the lion, serpent, dove:
Vers'd in the sacred books from earliest years,
And zealous for the God he hives and fears.
Who does not see young *Timothy* confest,
Or infant *Samuel* in his hallow'd vest?
Haste, haste to hail the Herald of the pole,
Haste to nature the Doctor of the soul.

To

To him be tongues, but moſt the ſacred, known,
While each new day adds poliſh to his own.
For him let each fair Science play her part;
And he, who means to heal, muſt ſcan the heart.
Philoſophy muſt found the deep Divine,
And by Religion's rays muſt Reaſon ſhine.
Here Faith and Works one bleſt aſſemblage beam,
As Soul and Body, or as Source and Stream.
He holds blind Bigotry, or high or low,
For or againſt, Religion's equal foe.
He ſcorns each party, for himſelf explores;
And ſtill the more he ſees, the more adores.
Truth ſtill is Truth, whoe'er oppoſe her reign;
And Falſehood Falſehood, let who dare maintain.

Fraught with each grace of body and of mind,
As *Peter* ſimple, and as *Paul* refin'd;
Without preſumption and with temper'd zeal,
Fir'd not to wound, but ev'ry wound to heal;
The firſt of martyrs, and the lov'd Divine,
Enflame his ſoul, and in his aſpect ſhine.
While Elocution heightens Eloquence,
His Soul ſtill ſpeaks more potent than his Senſe.
Form'd to perſuade with pow'r, or win with eaſe,
Hail him, ye Schools, who dignifies degrees.
Ambition fires not or of pow'r or praiſe;
Baſe Lucre lures not with her tinſel-rays.
He hears no calls of ſuch infernal hoſt:
He hears no voice but of the Holy Ghoſt.
Thrice-reverend Sires, who ſanctify the lands,
Well have ye here impos'd your hallow'd hands:

Ye

Ye truly bleſs the flock ye bid him feed;
Who ſweats to train, and would to ſave it bleed.
Where'er he prays, an Angel intercedes:
Where'er he preaches, none can ſay, he reads.
The Orator fills even kings with awe,
When in his Maſter's name he deals his law.
When *peace on earth*, and *glory in the high'ſt*,
He preaches not himſelf, but *Jeſus Chriſt*.
Conviction waits, whate'er the doctrine be;
Compunction cries, a Son of Thunder he!
If Melody attune whate'er he ſays,
What higher Rapture ſwells his humble praiſe?
Nor does the effervescence of his love
Dream beggars only muſt be ſaints above:
But thinks, who hope to hymn in higher ſphere,
If ever, muſt begin their hymning here.

When the glad Organ blows the solemn note,
And the full choristers swell their various throat,
He lolls not listless to the inspiring song,
The leaden leader of the dozing throng;
His glory waking bids the rest rejoice;
Above the human hark! a seraph's voice!
But deem him not a saint one day in seven;
His weekly converse also is in Heaven.
Instructive joy attends, where'er he turns;
And while he talks, each ravish'd bosom burns.
Each member of his flock 'tis his to know;
The old, the young; the lofty and the low.
All watch his watchful eye by night or day
No wolves can enter, and no sheep can stray.
All he becomes to all, the more to win:
The general friend is only foe to sin.

He

He ſeeks not theirs, but them, or great or ſmall:
He covets nothing, yet poſſeſſes all.
To each degree while due regard he pays,
And various minds amends in various ways;
He holds extrinſic, title, pow'r or pelf,
Regarding nought as man but man himſelf.
God's angel fears but God, regards but Truth;
By Age is honor'd, and rever'd by Youth;
Admir'd by Wealth, and half-ador'd by Need,
Allow'd by all the man of God indeed.
His Conſcience feaſting, he rejoices ſtill:
He knows no ſorrow, for he knows no ill.
Soul of true joy, diſpeller of diſmay,
Choice of the grave, and charmer of the gay;
Bleſt in himſelf, he bleſſes all around:
Where'er he treads, he treads on hallow'd ground.

Not

Not that he never viſits ſcenes of woe,
Nor does he ſtill forbid the tear to flow.
Tears are ſometimes a ſalutary tide,
Exalting Virtue, and o'erwhelming Pride;
Bleſt emanations of the feeling mind,
Which leave it calm, repentant and reſign'd.
Bleſt are they thus who mourn! How kind the ſcope,
That bids Compunction pave the way to Hope!
He to the bottom probes each deadly wound,
Nor quits the cure, until the heart be ſound.
Pale Sorrow thus acknowleges her foe:
He either hears or ſpeaks away each woe.
But when the griſly king defies all art,
When Soul and Body, deareſt friends, muſt part;

To blunt his ſhafts becomes the bleſt employ,
And ſpeed the ſpirit to the realms of joy.
With holy Hope, he balms the mutual pain,
Of that dread day when they ſhall meet again;
And when th'unfetter'd Soul returns on high,
He bids in humble truſt the body ly,
Nor is his friendſhip bounded by the bier:
He hies to mix the ſympathetic tear
With him or her who feels a widow's wound,
Or who has laid an only in the ground;
Who mourns a parent ripen'd for the ſky,
Or for a benefactor pours a ſigh;
For t'other ſelf who baniſht each annoy,
For t'other ſelf who doubled ev'ry joy.
Or for a public or a private loſs,
The chriſtian prieſt commands to bear the croſs;

And

And when the tribute is to Nature paid,
Turn to the living ev'ry needed aid.
Thus, like the Sun who beams around the ball,
He ſheds unceaſing light and heat on all,
Till, his courſe finiſht, he deſcend the ſkies
In a horizon without cloud to riſe.

While ſuch great objects thine attention ſhare,
Yet muſt not they engroſs thy gen'rous care.
Some born to independance on mankind,
But for th'improvement of a noble mind,
And for the exerciſe of ev'ry grace,
Would but for thee bely their honor'd race.
On thee then they depend, and on thy nod,
How they ſhall ſerve their Country, King and God;

Whether

Whether they ſhall improve paternal ground,
And beam the bleſſings of the region round,
The happy darlings of the rival-great;
The pow'rful patterns of th'inferior ſtate;
Giving full Virtue power to defend
From ſire to ſon, till ſonſhip's ſelf ſhall end.
Or if for higher ſpheres they ſtill are born,
If luſtred life their talents muſt adorn;
Perhaps the Legiſlature claims a hand,
Or Virtue's voice to ſave a ſinking land:
Perhaps a ſubject's aid a King commands,
To character himſelf in foreign lands;
Or in the form of State to rule the helm,
Spite of a maddling crew, to poiſe a reeling realm.
What Conſtancy befits the arduous talk!
What pow'rs does ſuch an Exaltation aſk!

What pow'rs from God and thee! that he may know
How beſt to treat the public friend or foe,
How polity and policy agree,
Alike from puny pride and panic free;
Where foreign Politics play foul or fair,
Where native Honor can or cannot bear;
What methods, when and where the State muſt uſe,
What ſhe muſt grant, and what ſhe muſt refuſe;
How long a chriſtian people muſt abhor,
Or how beſt pour th'inevitable war;
How bid grim War ſend home angelic Peace,
And how bleſs Induſtry, when battles ceaſe—
One who ſtill humble, affable, ſerene,
Knows neither party-love, nor party-ſpleen;

No

No bigot ev'n to Country, or to Cauſe;
No upſtart idol of a mob's applauſe;
One who can ſmile whatever Envy ſay,
And croaking Clamor can neglect away.
Still ready for *Bellona's* worſt alarms,
Peace is ſtill fortifi'd by Virtue's arms.
For Vice is ever blind and raſh and low,
Unknown to any friend, expos'd to ev'ry foe.
While heav'nly Peace thus ſhields the envi'd land,
And ſheds new glory o'er ſupreme Command;
Each Art reviving hails the bliſful day,
Each Science foſter'd beams a brighter ray.
The learned Muſe with rapture muſt record,
Detected Merit now accepts reward.
Religion courted rears her rev'rend head,
And hooted Guilt lies number'd with the dead.

Such

Such the bleſt beams that radiate from a throne,
Beams firſt to delegated Luſtre known.
Wide and more wide their influence they extend,
Till from each great his leſs, and all they com-
prehend.

Pedia ſaid—her Son without delay—
Whate'er thou bidd'ſt, *energy'd Lobo*,
Bold is the enterprize thou doſt audite:
Yet I will dare, ſince thou haſt deign'd to light.
Six ſultry ſeaſons he purſu'd his toil,
Collecting various plants of various ſoil.
The teeming nurſ'ry could contain no more:
Now had he deep imbib'd his parent's lore.
When ſhe; My ſon, 'tis with enormous joy
I ſee my maxims all thy care employ.

Thy

Thy time's elapſt: 'twas never my deſign,
Thee noteleſs in a corner to confine;
I deſtin'd thee this ſweet receſs to grace,
Till thou wert ripen'd for a nobler place.
Such place awaits thee: look where yonder grove,
As *Academus'* erſt, invites to rove.
Magnificent the manſion, gardens, fields;
What either paſtime, or what paſture yields.
Faſt by where ſtood the hapleſs *Kenna*'s town,
Where yews for houſes verdant ſtreets embrown;
Where elfin tribes were oft by *Cynthia* ſeen,
Shall other elves face *Phebus* on the green?
Faſt by the lengthen'd lawns, and nodding ſhades,
Where wanton other than heſperian maids;

Where ev'ry tree bears golden fruit of health,
But where no dragon guards the grove of wealth:
Here Art and Nature dance in conſtant ſpring:
Here reigns a lord beyond *Pheacia*'s king:
A lord whom titles higher far enhance,
As king moſt chriſtian, than as king of *France*.
Yet, if mere modern illuſtration fails,
When *Kenſington* but vies with a *Verſailles*;
Here roams a royal pair, nor fears to fall,
In *Eden* as of old, the lords of all.
From out this *Eden* if thou chance to ſtray,
Hyde's high fam'd park becomes the *London* way:
Domes, tow'rs and palaces give here delight:
Woods, lawns and villaes raviſh there the ſight.

Such

Such is the wiſdom of the gen'ral plan:
So kindly vail'd futurity from man:
Little did predeceſſor-lords foreſee,
That they built, planted, liv'd and di'd for thee.
The owner is my own; he'll ne'er refuſe
The manſion model'd for the britiſh muſe.
Nor more—She flew. The Squire confeſt the Queen,
Who had herſelf his early tut'reſs been.
She ſignifi'd her errand, nam'd her ſon:
'My ſecond Author,' ſaid the Squire, 'tis done.
I to my Country ſhall my kindneſs ſhow,
When I but pay to thee the vaſt I ow.
None but the high could honor my domain:
Honor'd am I indeed, if it can thee contain:

Thee of the riſing race the plaſtic ſun,
Whence Learning's radiance round the realm ſhall run.'

Pedia bluſht and bow'd—'O'erjoy'd I ſee
My ev'ry fondeſt hope fulfill'd in thee.
Still be thou bleſt, and may thy pleaſant Vine
Abound in plants, each in its ſeaſon mine.
While elſewere I employ my happieſt art,
To mold each daughter from thy fairer part,
Thy goodneſs muſt my nobleſt efforts fire,
To form each ſon but worthy ſuch a ſire.'

Now home with rapid wing *Pedia* hies:
'A word, my ſon, ſuffices to the wiſe.
The envi'd dome is ours, and all around:
Haſte then to ſeize the conſecrated ground.

Long

Long had I ſought, but never ſaw before
A ſite ſo worthy of thy worthieſt lore.
Here Learning, lighted by the torch of Truth,
Shall prove a magnet to th'ingenuous youth:
Thy dearer Self ſhall chear thy gen'rous toils,
While thou ſuit'ſt culture to the ſev'ral ſoils.
On aid celeſtial we rely alone,
And from the gloom ſhall make each other known.
Here I reſolve to fix my fav'rite ſtand,
And hence from age to age to bleſs the land.'
'All hail, great Parent! to thy ceaſeleſs praiſe
A fane, a lofty fane I here will raiſe;
That ſons of ſons of ſons may riſe and ſee,
What thou haſt done for *Albion* and for me.'
He ſays—and ſoon a ſtately temple tow'rs,
A threefold region for the threefold pow'rs.

Ceres.

Ceres and *Bacchus*, and th'olympic train
Soar humble heights, and ſeek the ground again.
Terpſichore renews her toils below,
Where fair *Euterpe* not diſdains to blow.
Thalia here bedecks her garlands gay,
And ſometimes with *Euterpe* wings her way
To where *Melpomene* enchants the pain,
And ſweet *Calliope* exalts the ſtrain.

Here *Polyhymnia* ſweeps the leſbian lyre,
Or climbs the lofty *Clio*'s fam'd retire:
The higheſt, happieſt, moſt auguſt abode,
Where all his art *Alcimedon* beſtow'd;
But where *Vitruvius* firſt deſign'd the fane,
And bid the elegant ionic reign;
Where a *Praxiteles* were proud to own
The poliſht columns of the parian ſtone.

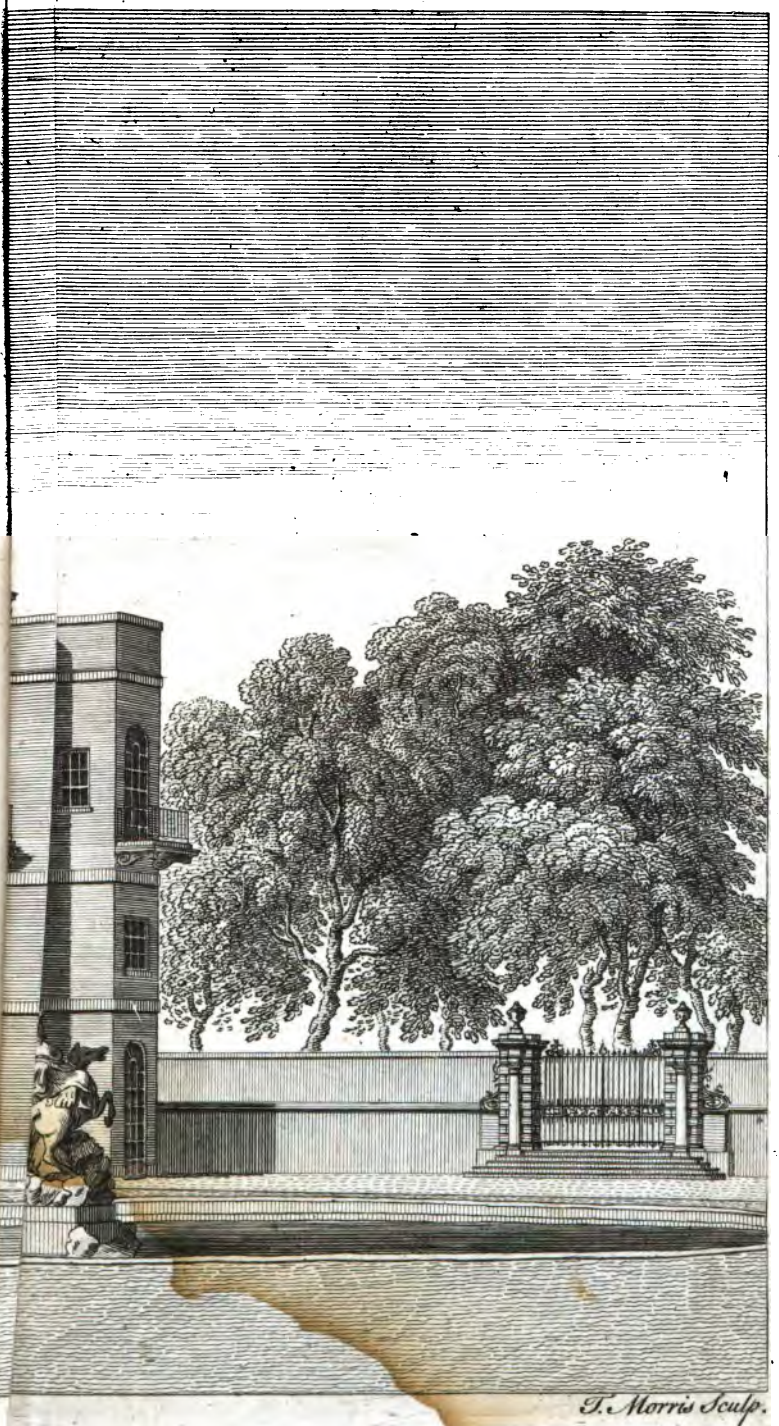
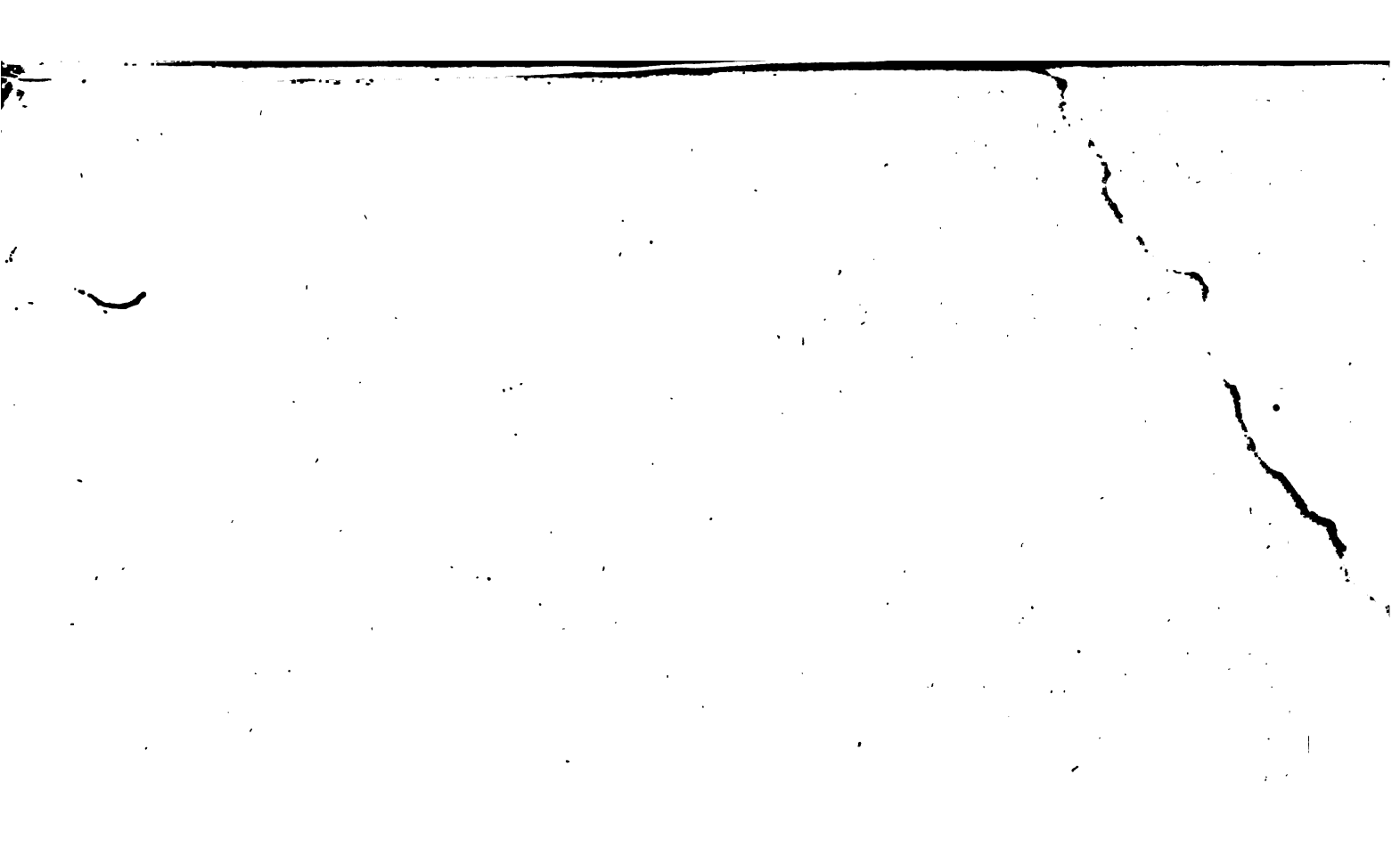
To

To this high dome the Queen herſelf aſcends,
When ſhe to nobleſt contemplation tends;
When ſhe will quaff what the horizon yields,
See dancing hills, or hear the ſinging fields;
Or will adore the Author of the ſky,
And gaze the circling orbs, with more than human eye.
In this high dome her Majeſty is plac't,
When ſhe will banquet at a board of Taſte;
And bid *Urania* ſummon all the Nine,
Nor *Erato* exclude, if ſhe's divine:
Still in extreme fond *Erato* we ſpy,
Or loweſt of the low, or higheſt of the high.
Where they, but chiefly ſhe, delights to rove,
Where arching elms embrown the long alcove,

Behold

Behold *Apollo*'s ſelf enchanted ſtand,
Love in his look, and empire in his hand;
Daigning himſelf to guard the ſacred ſpring
In ſtately ſemblance of the ſprightly king.
Not far diſparted from the God of day
Can hoary *Chronus* be ſuppos'd to ſtray:
With waving forelock, bluntleſs ſcythe and glaſs,
He ſees the *Hours*, his virtuous daughters, paſs;
Pleas'd he beholds wild *Pegaſus* on high,
While ſounding *Fame* has almoſt ſoar'd the ſky.

T. Morris Sculp.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